

Bad Companion

BAD COMPANION 4147 G0A2

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I was born in Pennsylvania Among the beautiful hills And memories of my childhood Are warm within me still.

I had a kind old mother Who oft would plead with me And oft before me kneeling She always pled with me.

I had two loving sisters As fair as fair could be And down beside me kneeling They too would plead with me.

I did not like my (first life?) I did not like my home

So far away did roam.

I bid adieu to loved ones To my home I bid farewell I landed in Chicago The very depths of hell.

'Twas there I took to drinking I sinned both night and day...